

GOTN: Astrid Style

by PrincessShayShay

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Summary: Yup! It's another installment of Astrid's POV in another thrill raising journey. Kind of like a sequel to HTTYD: ASTRID STYLE. If you haven't seen 'Gift of the NightFury' you won't understand this so I suggest that you go to YOUTUBE and look it up. I've added alot more romance in the Astrid and Hiccup department so I made it T for a few 'implied' gestures-and-or-scenes. *evil grin*

1. Our Annual Holiday

****Hey folks! ****

****A/N:** For those of you who don't know me, I wrote a story for HTTYD and I called it 'HTTYD: Astrid Style'. If you haven't read my story, it's just basically HTTYD but from Astrid's POV. I urge you to go read it if you haven't, but if you really are just too lazy to click on my Bio and click on my story, you can read this one and still understand the majority of things. For those of you who do know me, I finally found the inspiration to write this! Please don't hate me for taking forever.**

****My last story left off with Hiccup and Astrid finally together! *insert dramatic girly sigh* So now, for this story, it's going to have a continuation of their relationship and more. I've added a lot more romance in the Astrid and Hiccup department so I made it T for a few 'implied' gestures-and-or-scenesâ€¦| *insert evil grin* Some stuff will be pretty spot on character wise, but some of it is major OOC, so please don't hate me.****

WARNING****:** If you have not seen DreamWorks 'Gift Of The NightFury' than you should stop now and go see it. Just go to YOUTUBE and type it in. Its free, about half an hour-long, and will make this story more enjoyable. Some stuff will be pretty spot on character wise, but some of it is major OOC, so please don't hate me. You have been warned.**

****Movie to see: THE CROODS (A really cute movie if your into all that animated stuff).****

****Song of the update: COUNT ON ME by Mat Kearney.****

****Enjoy! And PLEASE REVIEW!****

****DISCLAIMER: Nah, bra. I don't own any of this, but brownie points to those who do!****

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><p>GOTN: Astrid Style

Chapter 1: Our Annual Holiday

* * *

><p>This is Berk.

Boasting the kind of balmy, fun-in-the-sun climate that will give you frostbite on your spleen. The one upside is our annual holiday. We call itâ€| Snoggletog.

Why we chose such a stupid name remains a mystery, but with the war long overâ€|

My eyes flew open as a familiar squawk and rumble shook me from my restful slumber along with the rest of my house. I wrapped my furs closer to my body and burrowed my head deeper into my pillow, pretending like I didn't hear the insistent scratching just above my head and on my roof.

â€|_and dragons living amongst usâ€|_

Another squawk pierced my ears accompanied by more thumping and scratching. 'Why do you always have to wake me up so early!'

"Please Stormfly!" I called out to my empty room, though I knew she could hear me. The noise stopped for a moment as I rolled onto my back and stared at the ceiling. "Why can't you go flying on your own? Or go play with Toothless. Let me sleep!" There was no response and for a fraction of a second, I thought I was off the hook...

I groaned as the thumping and squawking resumed, only louder, meaning if I didn't get my ass up soon she would come in and drag me out of bed whether I was ready or not.

â€|_this year's Snoggletogâ€|_

Against my will, I pushed myself into a sitting position and shivered as the cool winter air touched my bare arms. I grumbled quietly to myself as I ruffled my hair to get rid of the snarls and knots it had acquired in the night.

A bump just outside my window gave me reason to work a smile as Stormfly poked her head in through the opening. She cocked her head to the side so she could see my figure and then crooned, her way of asking, "You ready?" and I couldn't help but laugh.

â€|_promises to be one to remember._

"Well good morning Miss Commanding." Stormfly squawked and crooned to me as I pushed the covers from my body. I chuckled and crooned to her back. I hopped out of my wooden bed and tip-toed to my window as Stormfly, my Deadly Nadder, stuck her chin out expectantly to which I obliged by scratching her sweet spot, making her purr in delight.

"Just give me a minute to change, okay girl?" Stormfly squawked and pushed herself the rest of the way into my bedroom. I quickly started dressing in my usual attire and did up my hair in its usual pony-tail braid. Buckling my spiked skirt around my hips and securing my pouch, I was just about ready when I noticed my headband missing.

"Where did I-" and then I smiled when I turned and saw my leather headband in Stormfly's jaws, delicately placed between her teeth. I laughed and retrieved the band, rewarding my dragon with the best of scratches. Her whole body shook with pleasure and I saw her wings twitch with excitement. "Thanks for that. You ready girl?"

In two seconds flat she was out my window and gone from my sight. I raced over to where she had disappeared to, launched myself outside into the morning air, and -as was expected- Stormfly instantly caught me. We rose into the sky quickly and I took a second to enjoy the winter surroundings.

The snow had fallen by the barrels last night as everything was covered in the prettiest whites. All the houses and fields of Berk were covered in the cold fluff, and if it wasn't encased with snow, then it was with ice. The sun was shining and everything looked dazzling, sparkling and shimmering in the morning rays. Off in the corner of Berk, I could just see the Haddock house, but I couldn't tell if anyone was home.

To recap, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III befriended a NightFury he dubbed Toothless and learned to train him. He not only saved Berk because of their friendship, but Hiccup stopped a 300 year old war between dragons and Vikings. Sadly, Hiccup lost his left foot while sacrificing his life for Berk, but he lived as did Toothless. Now everyone rides dragons, and I still have my best friend and Stormfly has hers.

More recap, I used to hate Hiccup. He wasn't much of a Viking compared to everyone else, and his quirkiness made him the oddball of us all. But then came Toothless and, one terrifying-yet-incredible ride later, Hiccup and I became the best of friends as did Stormfly and Toothless. Wellâ€| maybe Hiccup and I were little more than thatâ€| Okay, _a lot_ more than 'just friends'. Yeah, I kissed him, we're dating, and every Viking on Berk knew it.

Right now though, all Vikings were up and about, making preparations for Snoggletog none the less. The adults were helping decorate the walkways and houses, while the younger kids kept themselves and the dragons entertained with snow fights and races. Snoggletog Eve was a mere four days away, and still there were so many things that everyone had to get done, but the best part was we got to do it with the help of our fellow dragons.

Speaking of which, Stormfly decided that I was taking to long and I

suddenly found myself gripping the rope around her much tighter as she sped through the village. We swooped down closer to the younger children who screamed and laughed with excitement, snow fight long forgotten. I glanced down at my blue dragon who glanced at me, and we both had the same idea.

Dragon riding had become a sport here on Berk, our previous one being dragon hunting; but riding them was far greater than killing them in my opinion, though if you had asked me that a few months earlier I would have told you the lader was better.

Riding dragon's was a popular, but a new favorite -though mostly among the teenagers than the adults- was dragon tricks. It was a kind of competition, whoever could do the greatest tricks with their dragon pretty much just got bragging rights above everyone else.

Me and Stormfly had worked tirelessly on our performances, skipping out on chores to practice and enduring the punishments because of it. But that feeling when we finally mastered a trick was incredible and well worth it.

So there we were, our latest masterpiece in mind and a whole group of eager audience membersâ€| who could pass that up, really? "Game on, girl," I whispered to my dragon and she crooned with anticipation.

I slowly adjusted myself so that I was crouched on her backside, her wings flapping in an even pattern. The children bellow started jumping and shouting, eager to see what would happen. Some of the adults looked up from their work and watched with worried expressions. Not every trick went according to plan, me and Stormfly definitely had enough bruises and cuts to prove that. But this one was foolproofâ€| mostly.

I moved myself down toward the base of my dragon's tail and made sure to pause for anticipation. Trusting that Stormfly wouldn't get over excited or try the trick too soon, I jumped off of her back and grabbed her tail at the last second. As soon as I grabbed her tail, Stormfly flicked it forward and I performed a front flip as she perfomed an aerial spin. For a second, I felt nothing beneath me and it crossed my mind that I was going to end up with some more bruises and a hurt pride. With a jolt I felt Stormfly back under my feet, and I registered the kids who had watched as they started to cheer.

"Yes! Nice one girl!" I cheered as Stormfly brought us closer to the ground near the square. We lighted down and upon slipping off her back I noticed a small circle of kids gathering around us.

"That was so cool!" cried one boy wearing a helmet much to big for his head.

"Astrid can you teach me to do that!" shouted a girl who couldn't have been more than five years old.

"I want a Deadly Nadder when I start training," said another as she walked up to Stormfly and scratched her under her chin. I was glad that Stormfly was well trained, otherwise just walking up to a Deadly Nadder like that would have gone off more painfully. But Stormfly didn't mind them, and seeing so, more of the kids started petting and grooming her. I stepped back to watch, humored with their

excitement.

"Astrid!" I glanced in the direction someone had called my name and I saw that it was my mother, Dagna Hofferson. I left Stormfly to be groomed by the children and jogged over to where my mother was helping hammer a few decorations into the market stalls. Without turning she said, "Why don you help with the decorations? Thars a lot to do, and we could all use a lil help. Especially the shields."

"Sure thing mother," I replied before walking off to get Stormfly; but a loud holler caught my attention.

"AsstriiiiiIIIDD-!" _Uff!_ My breath left me instantly as someone ran directly into me and knocked us both to the ground. Ridiculous snorts of laughter wiped the glare clean off my face as I started to chuckle along with Ruffnut. Her helmet was offset because of our collision and she was red in the face, grinning like Loki. "Whoa! Sorry, Astrid. Me and Tuffnut were trying to slide down the hill standing up, and you got in my way." To prove her point, her twin brother Tuffnut came zooming past the two of us at record speeds.

"WOOO! HEY RUFF! I WI- SHIT!" Just then, Tuff lost his footing and slammed right into a ladder. Snotlout, who had been standing on the ladder, tipped over and fell directly on top of Tuffnut. Ruffnut and I burst into laughter as the boys started wrestling with one another but the snow was making them look like Snow Men.

I picked myself up and helped Ruffnut to her feet as well. She righted her helmet then asked, "You want to come to the Peak with us? I'm gonna dare Tuffnut to slide down the mountain on his chest, naked!" I cringed at the image and shook my head.

"Sorry Ruff, but I need to help with the decorations otherwise my mother will have a yak." Ruffnut smiled and shrugged it off.

"Well speaking of yaks, where's your boyfriend at?" I rolled my eyes and punched Ruffnut in the arm. She hissed in pain, but started snorting with laughter when she noticed the new color appear in my cheeks.

"Just because his hair reminds me of a yak, doesn't mean he is one. And besides, only I can call him yak-boy," I declared. Ruffnut grinned.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Is that your special name for him? Something you use with him, late, _late _at night?" It took me a second to figure out what she was implying and when I did, she was hauling her ass as fast as it could carry her, cackling the entire way. I shouted at her, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. Only Ruffnut would be able to get away with saying stuff like that about me and Hiccup, otherwise everybody else would get a beating.

But the Gods were playing favorites today, because as soon as Ruffnut turned around to see if I was chasing her, she ran right into Fishlegs and both fell to the ground in a heap. I burst into laughter as Ruffnut got red in the face, as did Fishlegs. She glared in my direction as I clutched my sides.

No one else knew about Ruffnut's secret little crush on Fishlegs, but

she entrusted me with that secret a while ago, and I've always tried to pick out the differences about her when he's around. Like she'll straighten her braid or fix her necklace, just the little things that no one else would notice.

I remember how Hiccup told me that Fishlegs actually had a small crush on Ruffnut, but I didn't tell him about Ruff's crush. Even though we're dating, Hiccup can't keep secrets, the only exception being Toothless, and I didn't want my strong friendship with Ruff to crumble because of him, so I kept it to myself.

I turned away as Fishlegs tried to help Ruff to her feet, while Snotlout and Tuff stood around laughing at them; no doubt in my mind they would receive a beating the second Ruffnut was on her feet. I still needed to find Stormfly and get some work done, that way we could go flying and maybe work on a new trick or two.

She was still in the group of children, except now a few of them were trying to climb onto her back and she was starting to get annoyed. I smiled to my poor dragon.

"Sorry kids, but I need Stormfly back now." There was a chorus of 'Aw's, but a blue head perked up immediately. I held back a grin and pretended to be sorry that I was taking away their new play toy. I caught sight of Fishleg's Gronkle, Meatlug, bumbling about aimlessly. "Why don't you guys go play with Meatlug?" to which they all ran off to greet the brown beast. I watched them race each other until something nudged me from behind.

I turned and scratched Stormfly under her chin as she squawked her thanks. "Well we're not out of doing work yet, so let's go put up some shields," I replied. We both walked over to the wooden mass that we in Berk call a Snoggletog Tree, which isn't actually a tree but a bunch of wood nailed up in a triangle formation and shields nailed into the boards for decoration. I picked up two shields and laid the third one on my foot so I could kick it up as soon as I tossed the other two. I turned back to Stormfly to see if she was prepared.

"Ready girl?" I asked, and gave her the signal for her tail spikes. She crooned in understanding then let the spikes splinter apart. I chuckled and sent the shields flying into the air and Stormfly whipped her tail, pinning each shield to the Snoggletog Tree. I nodded to her, saying that she did a good job and she squawked in response.

By midday we had cleared the pile of shields that needed to be put up and I was grooming Stormfly of any misplaced scales while she was admiring herself in the metal of a shield. I snorted. She could be so vain sometimes it was utterly shocking. That's why for her Snoggletog present I was getting her a mirror to put in the shed, that way she didn't have to use the one in my room because she would have her own.

A rumble of laughter broke above the noisy crowd and we all quieted when the chief, Stoick the Vast, began to speak. "Well done! Well done, all of you! I never thought I'd live to see this day. Peace with the elder Berk," and suddenly Stormfly nuzzled into me, purring loudly. I knew why too.

I smiled brightly and hugged her, patting the soft spot on her snout. "Aw, I love you too girl," I replied and she did the typical thing of dragging her wet dragon tongue over my head. I gagged a little and Stormfly cocked her head to which I couldn't help but smile. "Yeah, even that, I love." Stormfly was my best friend, maybe second best when it came to Hiccup, but still. A few months before now and I was in the arena with Stormfly, except we were attacking each other back then, and now I can't even imagine falling asleep with her not by my side, or her waking me up to go flying. It just seemed too unreal.

"This will surely be, the greatest holiday Berk has ever seen!" With that the Vikings cheered and the dragons warbled. Everything was perfect.

Until it all went to the Underworld.

There was a sudden rumble mixed with something that sounded like it was beating, and it caused Stormfly to jerk her head toward the sky. I quickly noticed that all the other dragons were doing the same as Meatlug and the twins dragon, Barf and Belch, did the same. I looked up at the sky, but it remained empty. 'What isâ€¦' I needn't finish my thought because I soon had my answer.

It was like a giant cloud that rained dragons had suddenly appeared over Berk. It was a gigantic parade of dragons, clearly not from around here with enough to fill at least twenty islands! Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks, Terrors, Nightmares, even a few uncommon dragons were flying overhead, such as The Skrill and a few Whispering Deaths. For a second, all that could be heard was the beating of wings and the stir of the wind. Then Hookfang, Snotlout's dragon, roared.

That roar seemed to snap all the rest of the dragons from their stupor, because all of them spread their wings and lifted off into the sky. Suddenly people were thrown into a panic as riders were knocked off their dragons and left on the ground as they rose into the sky and joined the other dragons overhead.

I watched as Snotlout call for Hookfang who had already taken off, the twins race after their Zippleback on foot, and Fishlegs storm after Meatlug. A million questions buzzed inside my head at once, 'What's going on? Where are they going? Is something wrong?' but only one stood out to me now. "Where's Hiccup?"

If anyone knew what was going on it would be him. He trained the first dragon, he had to know why they were suddenly leaving us. I ducked as a Monstrous Nightmare nearly took out his rider taking off. I turned and saw Stormfly with a look that made my stomach drop and my heart speed up. The same look the rest of the dragons had right before they took off.

"No, no, no," I called out to her, but she had already spread her wings. I started running for her and shouting, "Don't leave Stormfly! Don't go!" but she was already in the air. My heart started dropping and my eyes stung as tears suddenly blurred my vision. "_Please!_" I watched as Stormfly rose higher into the sky, until a familiar black figure caught my eye. _Hiccup_. I raced forward as Hiccup lighted down with Toothless, blinking away the tears that threatened to escape. He saw me coming and quickly

dismounted.

"Astrid!"

"Hiccup!"

We crashed into each other thanks to the snow and ice, but managed to stay on our feet. I spoke before he could. "What's going on?" I pleaded. "Where are they going?" His face pretty much said it all.

"I was going to ask you that," he replied, looking worried. My stomach dropped as my lunch threatened to reappear and I quickly looked away as my vision started to blur. I needn't look far because a huge crowd of worried Vikings was racing toward us. One of them ran directly into me, and I would have fallen flat on my ass hadn't it been for Hiccup's quick reflexes. He righted me and pushed me behind him as more and more panicked, angry, and confused Vikings circled us.

"Why did they leave?"

"What's happenin'!"

"What if they nevar come back!"

All the questions blended into cries and shouts of incomprehensible words. Hiccup tried to keep as many Vikings at bay, but they pressed in on us and the crowd was rapidly growing wilder. If I hadn't been clutching Hiccup's hand at the time, I'm sure I would have been trampled. His hand was keeping me up, in more ways than one and my eyes were starting to blur again.

"Calm down! Give 'im a chance to _speak_!" The crowd instantly pressed back and I was allowed to breath again as Stoick pushed his way to his son. "Hiccupâ€¦ where have all our dragons gone?"

With bated breath the crowd waited for his answer. They thought he would know, after all he was the one who knew the most about them. But Hiccup only shook his red-brown hair in confusion.

"Dadâ€¦ I don' know."

The crowd of Vikings let out their breathes and looked to the ground in sadness. Our new best friends had just up and left us and we didn't even know why.

There was a loud screech and we all turned to see Toothless looking up at a Deadly Nadder, but not just any Deadly Nadder, _my_ Deadly Nadder. Stormfly hovered a few feet off the ground just above Toothless and they seemed to be talking to one another, as one would croon and the other would warble in response. After a few seconds, Stormfly took off after the rest of the dragons and Toothless remained on the edge of the cliff. More tears threatened my vision and I actually had to rub my eyes for fear someone would see.

After several moments of silence the chief finally spoke with a sullen voice. "Everyone is to report to the Great Hall this evenin' and a meeting is to be held there about the dragons at once." And with that, the Vikings started to leave. I was still having a staring

contest with the ground and trying not to cry, when someone spoke to me.

"Astrid?" I quickly turned away from Hiccup and frantically tried to make it look like I wasn't crying.

"I'm fine. I just-" Before I could make up the rest of my lie, I was being pulled by Hiccup, who still had a hold of my hand, towards the forge. He pulled me inside and to the back where his workspace was, then he shut the door. He let go of my hand and started pumping the fire to get it going so we wouldn't be left shivering.

I had never been inside Hiccup's workplace before and I busied myself with observing every detail I could. The pictures of Toothless and his inventions hung on his walls as displays, other papers with random scrawls of writing were strewn everywhere else, and metal or unfinished weapons littered his floor. In a word: messy.

"Astrid?" I didn't respond to him, because if I did my words would get caught on the lump in my throat and I might as well have started to cry, so I remained silent. But I wasn't silent long as Hiccup grabbed my hand and spun me around to face him.

I could only imagine how I looked. Teary eyed, red in the face, and sniffing can really do a number on a girl. And I'm not just any girl. I'm the kind of girl that you don't want to mess with or point out her mistakes, unless you want a trip to the Healers. I refused to look into his big green eyes. Those eyes that were so observant in that they would probably see right through my hard exterior to the girl I liked to hide behind my strong walls. The girl that I didn't like to see. She had flaws and was weak.

But Hiccup didn't need to look into my eyes to know something was wrong. It was like he always knew. He always knew what made me mad or what made me happy. He always knew what to say when I was flustered for words. He always knew what to do to make me laugh so hard when I was so upset. He always knew how to comfort me when I needed it, just like what he was doing now; pulling me away and out of the public eye because he knew I hated to show my other side. That girl with the weak walls and a lot of flaws. He knew me so well.

So when he brought both his arms around me and pulled me close, I wrapped my arms around him, buried my head in his neck, and cried. He was my comfort zone.

One of his hands rubbed my back while the other wove into my hair and stroked it. At some point, he started kissing my forehead and whispering things that would soothe me and make me smile. It worked until I remembered that Stormfly wasn't waiting outside for me, so we could fly back home together, then I'd cry some more. I was so scared and confused. I could remember only two other times when Hiccup had seen this side of me; once when he was about to face the Nightmare in dragon training, and the second was my first ride on Toothless.

Back then was the first time I ever trusted him. Now, I trusted him completely.

* * *

><p>We were all gathered in the Great Hall, and pretty much everyone

was in disarray.<p>

After my little cry fest with Hiccup, I made him swear he wouldn't tell anyone to which he nimbly smiled and promised he wouldn't. Then he gave me one of his signature goofy grins and I had to punch him a few times to get my point across, but it was playful punching and he knew it.

When I was able to make myself look presentable, we started walking towards the Great Hall as the rest of the Vikings had done, and I couldn't help a wave of sadness as I thought of how much faster it would be on Stormfly.

Now all the Vikings were gathered in the Hall and complaining to one another about their dragon problems. I was over in the corner with the rest of the gang, sulking. Hiccup stood next to me, frowning, while Snotlout accompanied my other side, an angry scowl on his face. Tuffnut was seated backwards in his chair looking grim, and Ruffnut was mindlessly kicking the ground. The only one who seemed the least bit interested in the other Vikings was Fishlegs and he was rather quiet, for some reason.

"Where did they go?" someone would cry out.

"Snoggletog is ruined," said another.

"It's not ruined!" Everyone turned to see Stoick rise above the others and start pacing the Hall. "We're Vikings! We've been perfectly happy celebratin without dragons for generations and thars no reason we can't do it again!" I scoffed at his words as he continued. "Now, we don't know where they've gone off tooâ€| but we have to have faith that they'll be back again soon. Am I right?"

A few Vikings nodded their agreement, but I stuck to my wallowing. Suddenly Gobber called out, "YUR RIGHT! WE ARE VIKINGS! WE ARE TOUGH!â€|most of the time." I rolled my eyes, because Gobber was dressed in the most festive, and ridiculous, Snoggletog outfit I had ever seen and it did nothing to prove his point. Instead I turned my half-smile into a frown.

Just as a few Vikings started to sing a Snoggletog ditty, I nudged Hiccup and nodded my head toward the door. He nodded just as Snotlout tapped Tuffnut's shoulder and motioned for a leave. We all snuck out, unnoticed.

As we walked, we remained mostly silent until we got to the square. Ruffnut was the first to speak. "That was depressing." Everyone mumbled their agreements. Another wave of hurt hit my heart as I remembered my favorite blue head.

"I know," I said, frowning. "I was looking forward to spending the holiday with Stormfly." I swallowed the lump that had made its way into my throat and I willed my vision to remain unchanged. Suddenly, Fishlegs started whistling, and like I said, remained unusually quiet. I would have thought he'd be blubbering like he ususally does because Meatlug was gone. Those two had become really close, and I wasn't the only one to notice his out of character behavior.

"What are you so happy about?" questioned Tuffnut. "Don't you miss Meatlug?"

Fishlegs froze as we all waited for his response. "Me?" After a brief pause, he coughed and started, "Oh- yeahâ€¦ I-" He started blubbering like he usually does, but there was something off with him still and he wouldn't face us. "I miss him so much!" My eyebrow rose and we all waited to see if he'd say more, but instead he bid us good night and took off for his home. 'That was... unusual. Maybe he's just covering up his sadness.' I suddenly gasped.

"I got an idea!" I turned to face the rest of my friends with an enthusiastic smile on my face. "Let's come up with a bunch of new holiday traditions. You know, to burry the sadness!"

I glanced from Tuffnut, Snotlout, to Ruffnut, all of whom look un-amused. They collectively sighed in disagreement. 'And here I am trying to do something nice!' I glared at Hiccup, who hadn't said anything yet, and he looked at me surprised. But he quickly recovered and started nodding his head.

"Actually, Astrid might be on to something," he agreed and I smiled.

"Of course you would agree with her. She's your girlfriend after all." I glared at Snotlout and tempted myself with the idea of throwing him in the nearest snow bank, but Hiccup beat me to it.

"Yes she's my girlfriend Snotlout and I'm agreeing with her, though I don't see how the two are relatedâ€¦ unless your jealous of course," he said, facing his cousin. I smirked when Snotlout's face turned red.

"I think that it could get people's minds off their missing dragons. It's a good idea and I probably would have thought it myself if Astrid hadn't beaten me to it." I fought to cover my blush by fixing my bangs. Hiccup never really stands up to people, but when he does, he can do it with style. By now, Snotlout was pissed, I was reminded of my snow bank idea if it came down to a fight, but Tuffnut silenced everyone.

"Easy for you to say." We all turned and he nodded in the direction of the cliff. "Your dragon can't go anywhere without you." We looked and sure enough, Toothless was on the cliff-side, impatiently looking out over the ocean and twitching his wings.

"Must be nice," commented Ruffnut, clearly pissed. Hiccup's face fell, and Snotlout calmed down enough to leave him alone. The twins walked off without another word, as did Snotlout, and it was just me and Hiccup. His face was turned down and his brows were furrowed, like he was in deep thought.

"Hiccup?" I asked, taking a step closer to him. His head snapped up and he resumed his nonchalant composer.

"Here, I'll walk you home." He offered me his hand and I took it up with mine. I like it when we hold hands. The calluses and scars from his work in the forge and riding Toothless made his palms rough, but his hands were always warm and they fit mine perfectly.

We walked the pathways of Berk in silence, but a nice silence where

we didn't have to talk and we could just think. I was thinking about what to give Hiccup for Snoggletog. I still hadn't picked anything that screamed 'Hiccup!' and I was running out of time. 'Maybe some new riding gear. Or would he like a new tunic better?' I just couldn't decide, and before I knew it, we were walking up the steps to my home.

I stopped before my door and turned to face him, grabbing him and pulling him into a tight hug. He smiled against my neck and hugged me back.

"Thanks for not telling anyone." I mumbled as his shoulder smothered my words. He scoffed, playfully.

"Please, Astrid. If there is one thing I can do its keep a secret." I laughed and pulled back, punching his shoulder softly. He chuckled lightly, before taking my hand in his again and pulling me closer. Our foreheads touched and I blushed lightly, closing my eyes. "But you're welcome, anyways," and he leaned in, capturing my lips with his soft ones.

I sighed and tugged the laces on his shirt to bring him closer, wrapping my other arm around his shoulders. His arms closed around my waist and brought us flush to one another. I still blushed at our closeness, like I always do, but we kissed like we'd done it a million times, though it would only take two hands to count the number of kisses we've shared. Hiccup's not the boldest Viking, and like I said before, I'm not a lovey-dovey person.

Butâ€| then again, I've changed before and so has he.

His lips moved against mine in a soothing rhythm, but I'm sure he could feel my heart pounding against my chest as the kiss was everything but calming. His lips were soft and warm, and I could taste the ale we had at dinner on his breath. I wrapped both my arms around his neck and pushed both of my hands through his soft yak hair, playing with it unconsciously. His hands rubbed my sides and I gasped silently when he gripped my hips and pulled me closer to him, though I'm sure that would have been impossible the way we were pressed together. It made me dizzy. Our lips continued to move together, our mouths getting a bit wider each time we pulled back, but not far enough to lose full contact with each other as we touched ever so slightly. He sucked lightly on my bottom lip, causing me to whimper softly and him to grunt quietly as I ran my fingers through his hair, scratching his scalp. Heat suddenly rose in a place it had never risen before and I blushed madly because of it, but I didn't stop. I scratched Hiccup's scalp again and this time when he grunted, he pushed me against my door with a light thud and pressed himself even closer to me. One of his legs wedged between mine, his knee brushing the spiked tendrils of my skirt aside as it lightly grazed my inner thighs. The heat suddenly rose and I curled my outside leg around his, bringing our hips even closer together. We both moaned at the contact. We had never done anything that could match the kiss, not even remotely close yet. 'Yet being key, Astrid.' It was that yet that had me guessing and blushing with dirty thoughts. I'm sure my mother would have a fit if she saw me pressed against Hiccup, my father would probably have his head, and if she could only hear what I was thinking about, she might die on the spot... but the best part... was I didn't even care. In the dead of night, with our parents still out at the Great Hall, probably drunk, we held onto one

another for dear life and explored our newest boundaries. This could have gone on for longer or turned into something else entirely, but we desperately needed air, so we finally broke apart, gasping.

My heart was pounding a solid beat and I'm pretty sure I could feel his heart thumping against my chest as we tried to inhale all the air we had been missing. That kiss had been our longest, not to mention steamiest, yet. And again with the yet. Our faces were bright red and I'm not sure if it was from the lack of air or from our newest position. My leg was still hitched around Hiccup's hip, but I found that one of Hiccup's hand had traveled down there to the back of my thigh, his other one still latched onto my hip. One kiss had done this to us. I had to bite my tongue and hold back a moan so I wouldn't beg for another one. Our eyes caught and I smiled as he did the same.

"I should let you get some rest," he said, though he made no move to release me. I huffed my breath to move my bangs out of my eyes and stalled.

"Well rest is very important, is it not?" I asked, as if we were actually debating the subject. Hiccup nodded and smirked as he pressed himself against me more, causing me to bite my lip so it wouldn't quiver.

"Indeed. Everyone should get some rest every once in a while."

I looked into his deep green eyes that looked at me so intimately. He leaned in closer and I thought we might never leave my front step, until he crossed his eyes and gave me the goofiest of his grins. I burst into laughter as did he. It was just too ridiculous for us to handle; us talking so nonchalant after a kiss like that. I lowered my leg from his hip and he pushed off the door, releasing me. We finally succeeded in reducing our laughs to small chuckles, and Hiccup took hold of my hand once again. I smiled brightly.

"Goodnight, Astrid." He leaned in and kissed me chastely. I smiled against his lips and when he pulled back, I saw that he was smiling as well.

"Goodnight, Hiccup." And with that he let go of my hand and waited until I was inside before making his way down my steps. I leaned against the door in bliss; eyes closed and sighing like a love-struck, teenaged, hormonal girl, until a whoop outside caught my attention. I turned and peered through the boards of my door to see Hiccup grinning like a joyous idiot as he punched the air and jumped around, trying to whisper-shout as quietly as he could. I pulled back and put a hand over my mouth to stop my laughter. 'He is such a dork sometimes. Then again... he's my dork.'

With that I was completely unprepared for my bedroom upstairs, because when I stepped inside my smile faded. I had completely forgotten about Stormfly, and now this room was a depressing reminder of my best friend. The only things left of her ever being here were a few of her scales and the claw marks in the floor boards.

A new wave of sadness hit me as I quickly kicked off my boots and jumped into my bed, tears already falling and making my eyes heavy with sadness.

"Please bring her back," I prayed to the Gods. "_Please come back_." With that I fell asleep, tears still running down my cheeks.

* * *

><p>Like I said, major OOC right there. But anyways, R&R, please!

2. Snoggletog Traditions: Attempt 1

Hello!

**A/N: Welcome to another addition of GOTN: Astrid Style. If you did not mean to click on this story, I'm glad you continued reading because you wouldn't be reading this message if you didn't like my story. **

For those of you who have waited for me to updateâ€¦ I'M SOO SORRY! It took me so long cause I've been super swamped with school and workâ€¦ but Finally! SCHOOL'S OUT, BITCHES!

I have to thank everyone who: reviewed, favorited, and enjoyed my last update, and please stay with me for more updates, cause there will be more. I promise!

Movie to see: PARENTAL GUIDANCE (wicked funny and super cute).

Song to listen to: SHE'S NOT AFRAID (1D) and, KOKOMO (Beach Boys).

* * *

><p>GOTN: Astrid Style

Chapter 2: Snoggletog Traditions: Attempt # 1

* * *

><p>Ever so slowly I emerged from the sanctum of sleep, feeling the heat of the covers wrapped tightly around my body and grudgingly sighing because I knew it was morning. I opened one of my eyes and winced at the morning light streaming in. I groaned.<p>

My eyes flew open instantly when I realized that it was later than what I had first presumed.

"What the Hel!" I shouted, flinging the covers from my and rolling out of my bed. "We are _soooo _late," I called to my empty room, the haze of slumber effecting my thinking. "And mother's going to have a yak!" I grabbed a clean pair of leggings and wiggled into them while trying to pull on my blue shirt at the same time. "We are so _dead_! Stormfly, why didn't you-

I froze, one boot on and the other still in my hand. I whipped around only to come up short when I finally realized that I was the only one in the room. My face fell and I slumped against the wall, the only sound I could make was a soft, "Oh."

It felt like getting smacked in the face by reality all over again. And it stung as such. I stared at the ground where I could still make out the claw marks from all the earlier visits from my favorite blue head. I bent over and grabbed on of her blue scales that had been shed just yesterday morning, yet it felt more like a life time ago.

Sudden rage at her disappearance caught me by surprise because the next thing I knew the scale was out of my hand and hitting the wall by my throwing knives. I wanted to scream, hit something, cry, anything that would make me feel the slightest bit more satisfied. Seeing the knives jammed into my wall I pulled on my other boot and grabbed the knives, racing down the stairs and sprinting out the door.

It was still rather early as the sun hadn't even reached the tree tops, but the majority of Berk was out and about as usual. I received few glances as I sprinted and slid on the ice through the village, golden braided-hair flying behind me and my heart beating quickly as it desperately tried to keep up with my uncontrolled pace.

After a few minutes of racing I slowed in my race to a fast jog and actually took in my surroundings. I had blindly ran all the way to the sheep pastures and I was thankful enough to find myself alone.

I gripped one of the knives in my right hand and threw it to the side without looking, hearing the thwack as it hit a nearby tree. I switched hands and threw another knife without looking but knowing it found a target by its audible impact.

As each thunk met my ears my anger rose higher and higher until the point in which I gripped the rest of my knives in one hand and let them fly with a scream. With that I collapsed to the frosted dirt ground, leaning against the trunk of one of my targets for support, and stared up at the brightening sky; exhaustion over taking me even though I hadn't pushed myself as hard as I could have. I closed my eyes and let the fresh wintry air tangle my messy locks, breathing in the cool air that seemed to numb my senses.

'Stormflyâ€|' I pushed my palms against my eyelids, enjoying the pressure that soothed both my aching head and my heart. 'Why in Magni's name did you leave?'

That stupid lump which had followed me around, more recently than it had ever done in the past, started closing my throat and filling it with something much more uncomfortable. I breathed in the smell of the fields and the animals to calm my sensesâ€|

"Ugh!" My nose crinkled as the musty odor of yak greeted me with the most unpleasant of smells and it made my stomach curdle. Said yak smell was emanating off the animal I hadn't noticed before as it stood a few yards from where I sat, grinding its teeth and snacking on the leftover hay from last night's feed. The oversized yak glanced up for a moment and stared at me before it returned to its own business.

I shook my head and turned the other way, trying to keep last night's dinner where it should stay. I grumbled to myself and glanced over at the yak grudgingly. "Too bad you can't solve all my problems," I muttered. The yak just continued its slow chewing, watching me with a

bored expression. I thought for a moment.

The yak nearly tipped when I jumped in the air and shouted. An idea had just formulated in my head, and I was going to put it into action. With a confident stride I marched toward the yak that now watched me with confusion.

"Maybe you can help me."

* * *

><p>"YAKNOG! GET YOUR YAKNOG!"<p>

Lads and Shield Maidens, I present to you attempt number one:
Yaknog!

"COME ON! GET A DELICIOUS FROTHY CUP O'CHEER!"

After my run in with the yak, my idea was to create a new beverage that people could enjoy to help reduce the grief over losing our dragons. Thus, Yaknog was born. I had been walking around the market for a while now, offering my drink to anyone who looked like they needed cheering up. I'd say it was going quite well actually.

I smiled when I spotted the gang loitering around one of the stalls and I quickly rushed over. "Hey guys!" I called out. Ruffnut glanced up and attempted a smile.

"Hey Astrid," she mumbled. Tuffnut and Snotlout continued to kick the dirt. They turned when I approached.

"Alright: New Snoggletog Traditions Attempt Number One. Try this tasty new beverage I made for the holiday," I declared proudly. If they weren't going to help me come up with ideas, then they would help me test them.

The reaction they gave was less than enthusiastic. All three of them stared at me before their faces scrunched up.

"Ugh! What's that smell!" Tuffnut grunted, wafting a hand in front of his face to rid the area of the scent. He turned toward his sister and smirked wickedly. "Is that you?" he asked before he pushed her sideways. Ruffnut slipped and fell on the ground, squeaking when she landed.

I rolled my eyes and grabbed the mug that was sitting on my shield. "Its Yaknog," I explained as I poured a mug. Tuffnut watched me pour my new drink with distaste.

"Ugh. If I drink that, I'm going to Yak-nog all over the place!" I glared.

"Maybe you'd rather taste a punch in the face?" I asked him grudgingly, raising my fist to prove my point. 'I'm Astrid. No one ever crosses Astrid Hofferson.' Tuffnut held up both hands in defense, a silent apology, but I was still angered by his comment. Even more so when Ruffnut, after she had picked herself off the ground, gagged when I offered her some. 'Ugh!'

"Astrid." I turned when I saw Snotlout walk up to me and grab one of

my mugs. "It sounds delightful. I'd love a mug," he told me and brought the drink to his mouth. I grinned widely and glanced over at the twins. With one hand on my hip, I gave the two idiots one of my best 'Oh so better than thou' look and a brilliant smirk.

Snotlout finished the drink in a gulp then he set the mug back on my shield. He coughed lightly then said, "You can really taste the yak." I smiled at him and his courteous gesture, to which he smiled lightly at me.

"YUM!" I turned around quickly to see Fishlegs storm into our little circle, knocking Tuffnut to the side. "What is that!" he asked enthusiastically.

"You wanna try some? Its my new traditional drink!" Fishlegs looked at me eagerly, but then his face fell.

"Oh- you knowâ€¦ I-uh, have suddenly and-umâ€¦ inexplicably changed-er my mind!" He stuttered. I frowned.

"Well," I said with a growl. "You don't know what you're missing." I turned away from my group to look for more depressed Vikings, when I spotted smoke in the distance. I smiled. "I bet Hiccup will love this," I said as I marched off.

I reached the forge without any other takers of my beverage but it didn't really matter; I was sure Hiccup would appreciate what I was trying to do. I was about to enter the forge when I came up short. I hadn't seen Hiccup all day and now seeing the forge made me remember the last time that I had seen him. Last night, on my front step. Where we made out like crazy. I bit my tongue as a small blush started to warm my chilled cheeks. 'Oh, Freyaâ€¦' I hesitated for a moment, slightly embarrassed, before I mentally slapped myself. 'Oh come on, Astrid! It's just Hiccup! Quit being so stupid.' With that I entered the forge.

"Hiccup?" My voice caught and I cleared it. 'Stupid.'

"Yeah, I'm over here Astrid; I'm coming," he called out. I glanced around the forge until I spotted Hiccup exiting from his work space. He gave me a goofy grin and I exhaled a breath I hadn't known I was holding. It truly was just Hiccup. The guy was too sweet. He waved me in further while he started meddling with something on his bench.

"Here," I said and he turned to face me, still smiling. I smiled at him and handed him a mug of Yaknog. "Happy Holidays. From me to you."

He took the mug and nodded to me. "Thank-you malady," he said and leaned over to kiss me on the cheek. The blush crept up on me again and I looked away to keep it at bay. That's when I noticed Hiccup's bench.

"What are you up to?" I asked him, staring at his newest contraption. It looked like a new tail for Toothless but it had all sorts of new mechanisms and attachments.

Hiccup set down his mug before his expression turned serious. I couldn't help but smile at his look, a look he always got when he

explained his inventions and gadgets to me. It was kind of cute, in this really nerdy way. "Okay. You're gonna think I'm crazy, but-"

"I already do," I added in. He smirked at me and my grin widened.

"Well, anyways. I just couldn't stop thinking about what Tuffnut said last night. Toothless can't come and go like the other dragons and that's just not fair." I set down my shield; my attention fully on Hiccup. "I was up all night and I think I found a way to fix that," he told me as he moved some of the attachments for demonstration.

I stared down at the new tail and pieced it together. "You built him a new tail? So he could fly without you?" Hiccup hummed in response as I continued to observe the new tail. I was thrilled by his new invention, but I couldn't help but feel disappointed with the fact that getting him new straps for his riding gear was now out of the question. "What a great gift." Hiccup hummed again. A new question jumped into my head and I asked, "What if he never comes back?" before I mentally slapped myself.

'Nice one Hofferson.' Hiccup remained silent and I felt the awkwardness of the situation pressing in. "What am I saying? Of course he will," I stuttered quickly. I picked my shield back up and turned to leave, and to go come up with a new gift for Hiccup. "Well I'm going to go spread some holiday cheer," I told him. Hiccup nodded to me and I stifled a smile when I saw his cheeks puffed out like he was trying to hold his breath. He knew how to make me laugh, that was for sure.

I giggled and leaned over to kiss his nose. I walked out of the forge, shouting over my shoulder, "You're amazing!"

Instead of spreading more 'holiday cheer' I decided to go home to somehow come up with a new gift idea. I closed front door behind me then leaned against it, sighing with newfound exhaustion.

"Astrid?" My mother asked from the table where she and my father sat. "What are you doin home so early? I figured you'd be out with yar friends still. Dinners not ready if yar hungry, but we do have some bread left ovar."

I dropped my shield on the table and grabbed the remaining chair to join my family at our table. "No thanks, I'm not hungry."

My father picked up one of my mugs. "Whacha got 'ere?" he asked me.

I rested my elbows on the table then used them to prop up my head. "My new Snoggletog beverage," I explained. "I was trying to make people forget about their missing dragons, but I think its kind of a bust."

He sniffed the rim tentatively, before sipping it. His eyes widened and he spit the drink back into the cup. "Argh!"

"Cnut!" My mother shouted, though I could see she was trying not to laugh.

My father looked at me, then at the mug, then back at me. "Well no

wondar it's a bustâ€¦| its awful!"

I slumped in my chair and let go of my head and let it bang against the table. "Ugh." Their laughter was enough to lift my head and make me roll my eyes. "Whatever you two," I said before getting up. My mother rose with me and reached out to hold my shoulders.

"Astrid. If you wanted to make a drink that people would actually _like _to drink, then you should test it before trying to give it away," she explained to me.

I rolled my eyes again. "No shit," I muttered, to which received a small smack on my back from my father. I smiled deviously to him while he tried to stay stern, pointing a finger as if to say, "Watch it, Hofferson." I laughed as did my mother. My father smiled, then reached across the table for some ale before he dumped the whole thing into my Yaknog mug. He took a sip before nodding.

"Bettar." We all laughed.

A sudden screech outside brought us all to a stop and we shared a look. I raced over to our door and threw it open, racing outside just in time to see Toothless soar through the air until he hit the clouds and then vanish. Hiccup wasn't with him.

I turned back to my doorstep where my parents were standing. My father nodded his head in the direction of the Great Hall and I took off immediately, heading for Hiccup's. When I got there, and slipping only once surprisingly, Hiccup was outside and staring up at the sky.

"Hiccup?"

Said yak-boy turned suddenly to face me, only to slip on his prosthetic foot and fall to the ground. I rushed over to help him up and it took both our joint efforts not to slip on the iced surface.

"He-hey Astrid," he mumbled, not looking at me though I could tell that he was upset; jaw set, eyes locked on the ground, and his fist were clenched. I watched him for a second longer before I reached over and grabbed him and brought him into a hug. He sighed into my neck and then wrapped his arms tightly around me. It could work both ways, you know. Hiccup could be there for me, and I could be there for him too.

We stood like that, holding onto each other and comforting one another, until I opened my eyes and noticed that it was nightfall. I laughed quietly and Hiccup must have noticed the new change in our surroundings because he started chuckling as well. He pulled his head back from my neck and rested it against mine, our foreheads and noses touching. I stared up into his lovely, deep green eyes and he stared down into mine; both of us smiling.

I guess I never really got that part. The part when people said that when you're with someone, time just sort of slips away. I never really got that until now.

I gasped and pulled away from him, punching Hiccup in the shoulder as I did so. He grunted then looked at me in surprise. "What?" he asked

genuinely confused.

I twisted my mouth into a frown, but his reaction made me want to laugh. "That was for not telling me my Yaknog sucked," I told him sternly. His eyes widened, then he shrugged a little.

"I'm sorry. It was just too cute." I smirked then reached for the laces in his tunic before pulling him in closer. He grinned and I touched our noses, still trying to glare at him but my eyes were crossed so I ended up just looking ridiculous.

"Well next ti- mmm." I was interrupted by Hiccup because he had closed the distance between our lips and now he was kissing me. I smiled against his lips and deepened the kiss. Hiccup shifted on his prosthetic, which was a bad idea because the next thing we knew, we were on the ground. I burst into laughter as Hiccup started to curse.

"Stupid prosthetic! Fucking fake leg! Odin's beard, I should just burn this godfucking, piece of shit!" he shouted, pulling on his yak hair in frustration.

"Hiccup!" I squealed. I had never heard him swear so much! "Easy with the language, will yah? There are little kids sleeping of dragons and faeries and- ah!" Hiccup lunged at me and we ended up rolling over and over in the snow until I had him pinned in the snow.

"Astrid! It's cold!" he squeaked as he started to shiver. I could see our breaths come out in puffs of smoke, but I wasn't letting go.

I brushed away some of my wet hair with my shoulder and kept Hiccup pinned in the snow, my face inches from his. Even if he wanted to get up, he wouldn't be able to. I had my arms latched on his wrists and my legs pressed against his sides, making mobility impossible.

"Well maybe you should watch what you say!" He chuckled then screwed his face up into a goofy grin. I laughed and finally let go of his wrists. I sat back while he propped himself up on his elbows. We sat there for another second, catching our chilled breaths, until I noticed our position. Hiccup watched me, clearly wondering what it was I was going to do for I had the upper hand. I sat there, thinking about everything that had happened today, and realizedâ€¦ that a little distraction wouldn't be so bad.

I leaned down and gave Hiccup a long, warm kiss; something we both deserved. He sat up more and shifted us so that he could sit up fully, with me still situated on his lap; our kiss not breaking. He folded his arms around my waist and I rested mine on his shoulders. It was slow, our kissing, nice and heart-felt. But it didn't stay that way.

Neither of us realized what we were doing until I had my tongue pushed fully into Hiccup's mouth. I opened my eyes and pulled back in embarrassment. I watched him, heat radiating in my cheeks, for signs that he wanted me gone. That what I had just done was a violation of our relationship or something so completely stupid that he would rather just break up with me right then and there. I was _completely _wrong.

Hiccup brought one of his hands up to the back of my neck and, quite

forcefully if you can imagine it, brought my mouth to his. Then he pushed _his _tongue into _my _mouth. I gasped in shock, but instantly recovered. 'Holy Magni!'

I wrapped my arms around his neck and brought my chest flush to his. He groaned at the contact and caressed his tongue over mine. We pulled back for a quick breath, and in the time span of a millisecond, Hiccup had his other hand that wasn't on my neck underneath the spikes on my skirt and gripping my ass. I gasped and his lips were on mine before I could even utter a moan that was strangled in my throat.

How could it be that, even though I was sitting on him, _Hiccup_ had the upper hand? Not acceptable. I flicked my tongue across his wet muscle and pushed back into his mouth. Hiccup grunted and squeezed my ass harder. Now I moaned. He still had the upper hand, and now the heat that I had felt last time started to stir all over again. I shifted my weight for more comfort and in doing so I scraped my hips against Hiccup's ever so lightlyâ€¦ to which he groaned loudly.

We both pulled back and stared at each other, embarrassment mixed with surprise. We looked pretty stirred; our faces red, lips swollen, panting like animals. I looked into his brilliant green eyes that seemed to be glowing in the moonlight and he smiled deeply at me. I smiled and we both whispered, "Whoa."

"Hiccup!" We both jumped at Stoick's call and flung ourselves away from each other; picking ourselves off the ground and straightening our clothes. Stoick opened the door and looked around, wondering where his son was probably. "Hic- Oh." He stopped when he saw the two of us, and I thanked the gods that he hadn't seen us. "Astrid? Shouldn't you be home?" I opened my mouth to answer him, but another voice cut in.

"Astrid!" It was my father's voice but it was distant. He was probably home, wondering where I was. I pointed my thumb in the direction and smiled awkwardly.

"I shouldâ€¦ um, get going?" I mentally smacked myself. 'Make it anymore obvious Hofferson?' Stoick watched me questioningly and I swear it was like he could see right through me. 'Oh Freyaâ€¦' But I had one savior still on Berk and he spoke up.

"Yeah, sure Astrid," Hiccup said and pulled me towards the walkway. He slipped a little on his prosthetic but I kept him balanced. "I'll see you tomorrow, okay?" I turned back around to face him, noticing Stoick watching us. I nodded, not trusting my voice if I said something idiotic. Hiccup nodded. "Good. Goodnight Astrid," he said then leaned in quickly and kissed my cheek.

He hesitated a second after his lips left my cheek and whispered to me, "Don't worry about my dad. I can deal with him." He pulled back and we smiled.

"Astrid!"

I rolled my eyes at my father's call. "Goodnight Hiccup." He turned and started walking towards his door, Stoick being satisfied enough had already turned and walked back inside. I stood there and watched Hiccup as he slowly picked his way to the door, slipping twice before

he made it to the step. He looked back at me and waved. I waved to him and waited until he disappeared inside.

'His leg gives him so much trouble. It'd be cool if I could make him a new one.' Like I had the skills to do thatâ€|

I gasped as a sudden idea popped into my head. I knew exactly what I was going to give Hiccup for Snoggletog!

* * *

><p>What's Astrid going to get Hiccup for Snoggletog? What does Stoick assume? And what about the dragons? Tune in next time to find out. And I promise it will be soon! Thanks!

3. Exploding Snoggletog Traditions

****AN: Hey guys!****

****So pumped that you like the story and all the things that I've added to it. The reviews rocked! Sorry for such a slow update, but its because I've been super busy with work lately. A couple of you have asked me and some of you have made a few guesses as to what Astrid's gift for Hiccup is. I guess I made things a bit obvious in the last chapter, but oh well. You'll just have to read this really long chapter to find out.****

****SIDENOTE: I'm going to be making a ****_**Legend Of The Boneknapper Dragon: Astrid Style**_**** after I finish this one, and yeah, I think I'll dabble a little into the series if you guys really want me too.****

****I've also been thinking about posting a new story; an AU were Hiccup turns into a Were-Dragon and Astrid is some kick-ass hunterâ€| but I don't know. Sound cool? Let me know!****

****ALSO: I recently fell in love with Macklemore, and I absolutely love ****_**CAN'T HOLD US**_**** by Macklemore + Ryan Lewis! I highly recommend the "Live on KEXP" version.****

****AND: I don't know which to see. "Despicable Me 2" or "Monsters University"â€| please let me know which one is a MUST SEE MOVIE! Thanks!****

****PLUS: IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE TEASER FOR _HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON 2_ THEN YOU NEED TO GO SEE IT! I PRACTICALLY PEED MY** PANTS!**

****DISCLAIMER: I don't own anything and everything belongs to the rightful owners.****

* * *

><p>GOTN: Astrid Style

Chapter 3: Exploding Snoggletog Traditions

* * *

><p>It took me all the next day and the morning after, but I had finally finished my gift for Hiccup. With minor cuts and pin pricks might I add. I set my finished gift on my bed and sighed in relief. I really had done a pretty great job on my gift, especially for someone like me. Sewing and I just don't mix. I collapsed into my wooden mattress feeling satisfied yet exhausted, and it wasn't even midday.<p>

"But at least it's finished," I huffed. "And he'll love itâ€|I hope. He better," I said with authority. Of course, I shouldn't be too hard on Hiccup. Toothless had disappeared two days ago and Hiccup was still pretty upset about it, though he would never say he was. Well perhaps to me, but I didn't see him yesterday because I was busy making his Snoggletog present and he was busy with his father anyways. Something about future chief training. But I could assume he was upset; him and Toothless are practically brothers.

There was a sudden _thump_ outside my window and I sat up so fast in my bed that I was sure I pulled three muscles. But that _thumpâ€|_ "Stormfly?" I asked my empty room, staring at my open window. I jumped up and stumbled over to the window, sticking my head out for a better look around. 'She's back? Oh Freya!'

Smack! The snowball hit me square on the chest and I jumped back in surprise. Loki, did that sting! Snorts and hoots of laughter followed, telling me that I knew my attackers. I glared down at my group of friends and ducked as Ruffnut flung another. It sailed over my head and smashed to pieces when it hit my wall. I shouted out my window, "Hey!" which only received multiple whoops.

"Hey _Astrid!_" they all called simultaneously. I rolled my eyes. Snotlout cupped his hands together around his mouth and shouted up to me; "Hey, Astrid? Get down here! We're having a snow fight and we'll probably try to get a few of the kids to join in. Come on!" he begged. I shook my head, but smiled.

They began to whine until Tuffnut added in, "Think of it as a new tradition!"

I knew I had no choice. Ruffnut would probably and literally drag my ass out of the house whether I wanted to go or not, but I faked contemplating the decision. I put a finger on my chin and glanced up, making it look like I was trying to decide to go or not, though I knew I was. Ruffnut pushed Tuffnut aside and called up, "We'll pick up your yak-boy along the way!" I glanced down and smirked. Everyone except Snotlout laughed; he just looked upset. Oh well.

"Well," I said in mock annoyance. "I guess I should find the time to entertain you idiots, so long as we play in teams." They all shouted in agreement. I jumped back and away from the window, dashing down the stairs in a rush. I stepped outside and would have been pelted by another snowball if I hadn't slipped on the ice and fallen flat on my ass.

"Damn Loki!" Ruffnut cursed as I rolled away and ducked for cover. Seconds later, Ruffnut was shrieking as Snotlout and Tuffnut hoisted her through the air and deposited her in a high mountain of snow. The boys slapped hands and started running, knowing it wouldn't be long until Ruff was back on her feet and looking for revenge.

But, surprisingly, they didn't get far, because out of no where Fishlegs had both boys face first in a pile of snow. "Ha! White Wash!" shouted Ruffnut, picking her cold, wet self out of the snow only to slip and end up back in the pile. I laughed and bent over to form my snowball as Fishlegs hurried over to Ruffnut. Snotlout and Tuffnut resurfaced with red faces covered in fluffy snow. They laughed at each other and started wrestling playfully.

I glanced over at Ruffnut and Fishlegs and did a double take. They were staring at each other, smiling and blushing. 'Gods. Did Hiccup and I stare at each other like that?' I smirked as I tossed the snowball in my hand into the air and watched it sail with the wind, landing squarely on Fishlegs' head. Ruff squealed as the snow broke apart, then wheeled around to find me doubled over, laughing. "WAR!" she screamed and slid toward me. I was up and running along with Lout and Tuff before she could unleash Hel.

We ran through Berk, shouting and fighting. When we got to the square, we spotted an unsuspecting group of kids moping about. We approached the group slowly and undetected. I raised my hand and gave the signal to pounce. We all shouted as one, startling the kids before we started throwing snow and chasing the now squealing children around the square.

I teamed up with Snotlout, and the two of us were able to corner a few of the kids and throw them into the snow. They squealed until we let them fly and then they would resurface, anxious to get thrown again. Tuffnut and Ruffnut used one of the barns' roof as a type of dock where he would jump off and into a mountainous embankment of snow. The older kids followed the after the twins, while Fishlegs gathered the smaller kids and sat in the corner building snow Vikings.

I peeled off from the group and jogged up the path to Hiccup's. I bent over and made a snowball, crumpling it into a perfect sphere. I marched up to his front door and knocked. I was lucky that I wasn't Stoick who opened the door, because without even looking, I let the snowball fly. Hiccup stumbled backwards in surprise as the snowball smacked him square in the chest, but his lips curled upwards into a smile. "Astrid. What are you doing?" he asked me, still smiling as he brushed off his furs.

I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. "We're having a snow fight down in the square and I was wondering if you wanted to join."

He looked up at me and grinned. "Do I have much of a choice?" I snorted.

"Not really."

He nodded. "Well, thenâ€¦"

I squealed as Hiccup tackled me and sent me backwards into the snow. I looked up in humorous shock. "You'll pay for that, Haddock!" I screamed, picking myself up and readying to throw him into the snow, but he was already running his skinny ass down the hillside.

I raced him down the hill and all the way to the square. Hiccup slowed up ahead of me as he tried to keep his balance on the ice. I slid down the rest of the way and slammed directly into his open

arms. We were a mess of limbs and giggles, my mock anger from before now forgotten. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer. I smiled up at him and closed my eyes, already expecting what was coming next. He kissed me chastely, still smiling as his lips touched mine.

"NOW!" We broke apart just as Snotlout threw the first snowball. It hit Hiccup in the shoulder and broke into pieces. Hiccup grabbed his shoulder to ease the stinging while Snotlout smiled victoriously. A mass of screams and shouts suddenly came from behind the barns and houses as the children jumped out from their hiding spots and began their attack. I nudged Hiccup and together we started our retaliation.

The entire rest of the day was dedicated to throwing snow and harmonious laughter. The air was light and playful. Thoughts of our dragons were gone. Everyone had forgotten why the adults were still upset; why we should have been upset. And it workedâ€¦ in the beginning.

But by nightfall, the air of happiness was lost and things sank in again. The older children left when their parents called to them and we helped the younger ones get home safely; each of their smiles lighter, but still saddened with underlining pain.

I watched as the little one, that I helped home, walked up to his waiting parents until he suddenly whirled around and ran for me. My breath left my body in a rush of surprise as he wrapped his little, raised arms around my hips and hugged me tightly. "Tanks Asstridd," he whispered, like him thanking me was some huge secret that he only entrusted to me. I smiled and knelt so he could hug me more properly.

"You're very welcome," I said into his light brown hair. He let go of my neck and ran for his parents. I stood up and waved to them all before they shut the door. I sighed, feeling so exhausted, when only hours before this I was feeling even less exhausted. I was so wiped out.

Suddenly arms were thrown around me and I stumbled to keep the person who had just assaulted my haggard body and I both upright. "Hey!" I yelped playfully, knowing exactly who was attached to those arms. Hiccup chuckled into my hair and turned me around properly. I wrapped my arms around his hips and leaned against his chest fully, letting him be the one to keep us both upright. "Ugh! Hiccup, I'm _so_ tired!"

He laughed and wrapped his arms around my shoulders tightly. We stood like that for a few minutes, just enjoying each other's company because we hadn't seen each other at all yesterday, and there wasn't much alone time for the two of us today either. But instead of doing something couple-like or romantic, we just held each other. Sometimes it's just best, that instead of a boyfriend or a girlfriend, you become each other's best friends. Especially with our dragons gone, because we were exactly what the other needed.

Eventually, after what felt like minutes but by the ache in my feet must have been more like a half hour, Hiccup unwrapped his arms from my shoulders and instead took up my hand in his. We walked back to my house and rambled on about nothing just because we could; friendship

blending in with romantic couple. As we walked and talked about the days events I cuddle closer and closer into his side, partly because of the biting wind and partly because I wanted to be close to him, until he eventually wrapped an arm around my shoulder and let me snuggle into his fur vest.

By now our faces were closer and our couple side started taking over as he gave my hair little, pointless kisses and I giggled like an actual "girly-girl" at every snarky or sarcastic thing he said. I would have loved for my night to end with another outstanding kiss, because we were getting really good at that kind of thing, but when we rounded the corner to my house we spotted my father outside. Waiting for us.

"Oh! 'Bout time you two showed up!" he called to us, his voice louder than it needed to be; especially in the dead of night, when everyone else was already in bed asleep. I winced as did Hiccup. He lifted his arm from around my shoulder and brought it back down to his side. "I was beginin to think tha' yud nevar show up with my daughter, Haddock!" my father called again, even though we were closer than before. Of course I knew he wasn't really calling to us. He was really just trying to embarrass the Hel out of Hiccup and I by waking up the entire village. I knew that it was working when the lights in the houses next door to ours started lighting up the night. 'Oh Magni. Freya and Odin, please give my father a sore throat tomorrow. Please? For me?' I dropped my head and waited for my father to begin his campaign to the whole village about how I was late and out with Hiccup. But he was cut off.

"I'm sorry, sir." I looked up at Hiccup in surprise. He was watching my father, looking completely serious and all soâ€¦ _responsible._ His voice was even and his jaw was set, all seriousness about him. "It's my fault that we are late. I kept her out to long. It won't happen again, sir." My jaw literally dropped as I looked from my father, who looked equally stirred, to Hiccup who still looked calm and collected. 'What in Loki's nightmares is this!'

My father snapped from his stupor and coughed. I guess he was expecting to ream us out on us being late, and Hiccup taking full responsibility must have taken him down a few pegs. "Uh-hm, yes! Uh, yes, right. Just- not againâ€¦ Being late-uh, that is," he stumbled as he ran a meaty hand through his long, dark hair. He shook his head and seemed to regain some of his usual composure. "Well, say your 'goodnights' and then be on your way," he told Hiccup while crossing his arms and planting his feet on the front step. I groaned inwardly. Now my father was going to tease me for being all couple-like with Hiccup. Ugh.

Hiccup turned to me and wrapped his arms around me in a tight hug. It took me a second to snap out of my still surprised state, but I leaned into his embrace and folded my arms neatly underneath his. "Where in Thor did that all come from?" I whispered into his chest, loud enough so that only he could hear me.

He chuckled lightly before whispering into my hair, "Chief training. My dad has me talking all formal almost all the time now. It's how I am to address the chiefs of the other tribes. I guess it works on your dad as well." We pulled back giggling, even more so when we noticed my father looking on, frowning.

I turned around so my back was to him and I smiled up at Hiccup's light green eyes. He smiled back and leaned down to kiss my lightly on the cheek. As he pulled away he whispered to me, "When you wake up tomorrow, meet me at the square," and then he quickly brushed my mouth with his. I blushed furiously, partly because of Hiccup and partly because the fact that my father had just seen us kiss was so embarrassing. I nodded anyways, biting my lip to hide my smile. He gave me his signature goofy grin before my father coughed, telling us that our time was up. I turned around and walked up to the door as my father moved aside so that I could get through. He then proceeded to step in front of the door as if to guard it in case Hiccup tried to make a mad dash for me inside. I mentally smacked my forehead and peered around my father to see my yak-boy.

"Right. Well then, goodnight sir," Hiccup told my father as he backed away and off of our stoop.

"Goodnight Haddock." My father turned back around and I caught Hiccup's eyes with mine. He gave me a ridiculous smile and I had to cup a hand over my mouth to keep me from laughing. He smiled and mouthed the words, "Goodnight" to which I mouthed back at him. We watched each other until my father closed the door, breaking our contact with each other. As soon as the door was shut my father went off on a whole taunting fit on Hiccup and me, but I was still too giddy to care. He made me happy, and that's all that mattered.

* * *

><p>"So why are we doing this?"<p>

As soon as I woke up the next day I sprang from my bed and rushed to get dressed. In seventeen seconds flat, I was out the door before my parents were even awake. Seeing Hiccup doesn't usually make me this excited, but the fact that we could spend the entire day together was what made me anxious. And, it was Snoggletog Eve!

When I arrived at the square Hiccup was already waiting for me by the forge. My head buzzed with hundreds of ideas as to what Hiccup had planned for our Snoggletog endeavors, but I really hadn't expected a boat ride.

"My dad wants me to find my helmet," Hiccup told me as he rummaged around in the mess he calls his office, looking for some oars. "I was wearing it the day the dragons disappeared and one of them knocked it off my head." He yanked on one of the ends of the oar and it pulled away quickly, nearly striking me in the head as Hiccup stumbled to regain his balance. He looked at me apologetically but I brushed it off. "You don't have to come if you don't want to."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's no big deal. Besides, you'll probably get bored out there and you'll need the company. And if I stay here then I'll be bored. Then I'll have to spend my Snoggletog Eve with the twins. Or Snotlout!" I snorted. I glanced over at Hiccup and laughed when I saw him frowning.

"Oh, take it easy Hiccup," I told him, shifting some of the things around on his desk so I could sit. "Like I would actually spend any bit of my time with _Snotlout._" I jumped up to sit but just as I did, I sat down on something hard. I yelped and slid back off. "What in Odin?" I inspected what it was that I had sat on, not noticing it

because it had been hidden under a pile of papers, and noticed that it looked sort of like a wooden handle. "What's this?" I asked Hiccup, reaching for the handle.

"NO!" I was suddenly knocked to the side as Hiccup tackled me to the ground. I stared up at him in bewilderment. He quickly picked himself up off of me and started moving his papers back around. "It's- uh, just thatâ€¦ a thing- that you _can't_ see! But, um- it's just nothingâ€¦ and it's _private_â€¦ umâ€¦"

"Is it for me?" I asked, getting excited to think that he may have something to give me for Snoggletog. He looked down at me in shock before he could recover.

"What! No, no, no, no! It's- no! It's just somethingâ€¦ private. So don't even- Astrid!" I sprang to my feet and started administering my punishmentâ€¦ of tickles. Turns out Hiccup is really ticklish, something that comes in handy at times like theses.

"_Astrid!_" he squealed. He tried twisting away from me, but I had him cornered.

"Well, come on Hiccup. Tell me and I'll stop." I hesitated for a quick second only to continue when he shook his head. "Tell me!" I shouted, laughing playfully as I tickled him.

"NO! Astr-Hey! Whoa!" I gasped as Hiccup lost his footing and slipped backwards, kicking my legs out from underneath me. We fell in a mess of flying papers and tangled limbs. His body cushioned my fall and I landed squarely on his chest. I glanced up at him in surprise and he looked back at me with wide eyesâ€¦ until he crossed them and stuck out his tongue. We both burst into laughter. "You are such a dork!" I squealed, shifting so that I straddled his stomach. He smiled up at me.

"You know the last time you fell on me was in dragon training. But back then you wanted to kill me." I glared at him mischievously.

"Who says I still don't?" His eyes widened until he gave another signature goofy grin. Without warning, he pushed me backwards and lifted himself so that his face was inches from mine.

"Than take it away Hofferson." He smirked and I grinned.

"Have it your way Haddock," I told him before I grabbed the laces in his shirt and pulled him closer. He grinned and I smirked back at him before our lips smashed together for a long, hard kiss.

"Hiccup! Yar fath- oh!" We pulled away just as Gobber walked into Hiccup's office.

"Gobber!" Hiccup shouted at his mentor as the blacksmith snickered. I quickly picked myself up off of Hiccup and started brushing myself off. I wiped my sweaty palms on my leggings, and I swear my cheeks could not have been anymore red than what they were at that moment. 'Oh Freya! He saw us!' Not like there was much to actually see, but he's _Gobber_ and who knows what kind of stories he'll come up with.

"Oh, don' worry! Hehe- I'll leave you two, uhâ€¦ _to it_."

This time, both Hiccup and I screamed, "Gobber!"

But instead of leaving us, the mustached man stuck around in the office. "Oh, I can remembar the first time I brought a woman in 'ere-"

"Oh Gods, no!" I shouted.

"Gobber, no, please!" Hiccup begged. We wheeled around, Snoggletog gift forgotten, and worked on getting the other oar cleared. I used my hands to cover my ears as Hiccup freed the other oar, all while Gobber was saying something and pointing at random spots around the room. Hiccup started to get greener and greener, almost matching his tunic, until we both grabbed the oars and scrambled out the door; leaving Gobber to snicker at our retreating figures.

"Oh Gods, that was awful!" I shouted. Hiccup could only nod, looking very pale.

"I never in my life, ever want to hear that story ever again," he told me, shuddering. I smiled sympathetically at him and gave him the oar I was holding.

"I'll meet you down at the docks. I just have to go tell someone that we're leaving." Hiccup nodded and I leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Take it easy, Haddock. No need in getting sea sick on land," I joked, to which he smiled lightly.

I jogged down one of the paths that would lead further into Berk while Hiccup headed for the docks. 'So far, this Snoggletog Eve could have gone off better than how it has, but now Hiccup and I can spend the rest-'

"Astrid!" I glanced over to see the rest of the gang, minus Fishlegs, moping about one of the barns. Ruffnut pushed off the wall and jogged up to meet me, while Snotlout and Tuffnut took their sweet time. "What are you doing?" she asked me.

"Going on a boat ride with Hiccup," I told 's eyes widened, but he remained silent and turned his shoulder away from the rest of us. I watched him for another second, wondering what could have gotten into him, but someone screamed.

"_Meatlug!_ AHFFF!"

I wheeled around and we all shouted, ducking just in time to miss the claws of the Gronckle by inches. 'A dragon?!' I gave myself whiplash as I tried to get a better look at the dragon, only to come up short as I saw a very familiar pair of eyes staring back at me in panic.

"Hiccup!" I called out as I saw him get carried off by Meatlug. "Where are you _going_?"

"I have no _idea!_" And just like that, he was gone.

"What in Loki!" shouted Ruff as she picked herself off the ground. Snotlout stuck out a hand which Tuffnut took, him being the only one

who didn't react in time and ended up face first in the snow. Suddenly a voice called out above us.

"Meatlug! What about presents! Wait!" We all looked about and spotted Fishlegs standing by his barn with his arms wide open. Instantly I was up and running, heading for the incline to take me up to Fishlegs' barn. I could hear the shuffle of the gang behind me as they followed my pursuit. When we reached the barn Fishlegs was inside, moping about the spot that his dragon had laid in not moments before. "I can't believe him," he said somberly.

I glared at him as the rest of the gang filled into the barn. "You can't believe him!" I screamed. I took my arm and backhanded Fishlegs' shoulder. "You kidnapped your dragon!" 'And Hiccup!'

Fishlegs winced. "Well that makes it sound so mean," he told me in a small voice as he rubbed his shoulder.

"Hey guys!"

I ignored Tuffnut and continued my rant to Fishlegs. "He flew away the second he was unleashed!" I wasn't really mad about Fishlegs keeping his dragon in captivity. I was more angry with the fact that his dragon just ruined my Snoggletog Eve with Hiccup!

Fishlegs shook his head. "I'm seventy-two percent sure that he wanted to stay-"

"Guys!" We both looked up and at Tuffnut who was leaning over a pile of hay. Ruffnut was also looking at something in the hay. 'What in Odin?' I peered around the twins and gasped. A giant pile of what looked to be blue colored rocks was lying in the hay, having been covered before. My heart sped up as I realized what they were.

"Whoa! Meatlug barfed up a pile of rocks." I almost smacked my forehead at Fishlegs' stupidity. Luckily, Ruffnut beat me to it.

"You're such an idiot!" those aren't rocks. Your dragon laid eggs!" she explained to him. I gently bent over one of the blue eggs and picked it up. The texture sure felt like a rock, but as I held it I could feel the weight shift around inside. 'Definitely not a rock.'

"Hey wait," I said, an idea suddenly jumping into my mind. "I bet that's why the dragons left. To lay their eggs!"

"But, boy dragons don't lay eggs!" This time I did smack my forehead, and I could hear Snotlout snort next to me.

"Uh-yeah. Your 'boy dragon' is a girl dragon." Fishlegs froze.

"Oh! Okay! That actually explains a few things!"

'Dragon eggs! people sad! Snoggletog traditions!'

"Hey!" I shouted, suddenly jumping into the air as my head tried to

race ahead of my actions. I had the perfect idea. "Everyone's missing their dragons, right?" I questioned as I looked around the room for some yarn. Better yet, I found a red ribbon in one of the boxes on the shelves.

"Uh, here it comes." I glared over at Snotlout and he shrugged me off. Didn't matter anyways. I raced over to it and started winding it around the outer shell of the egg.

"I've got an idea. It'll be another new Snoggletog tradition!" I told them as I held up the egg, now wrapped up in a neat little bow. I smiled brightly as they shrugged their shoulders, their sign of 'Yeah. Sure. Whatever.' My last Snoggletog tradition attempt wasn't so good, but I just knew that this one was going to go out with a bang!

* * *

><p>After all the eggs were wrapped in bows, we spread ourselves out through all of Berk just as the Vikings went up to the Great Hall for some Snoggletog Eve celebrations. While the Vikings were away, we snuck into each house and left one egg for each family. I couldn't believe my luck! I could just imagine; unsuspecting kids running down the stairs and finding a baby Gronckle waiting for them. I ran into the last home in Berk and left the last egg in a sack that was already overflowing with toys. I snuck back outside and met up with my fellow comrades.<p>

"Wasn't this a great idea!" I squealed. Fishlegs nodded enthusiastically.

"Uh huh! Everyone is going to be so surprised!" I smiled. I finally did something rightâ€|

BANG!

I flinched as something exploded from behind me. I turned to see the house behind us smash to pieces, just as a piece of debris splintered off and flew straight for us. I smashed off of Fishlegs and shot into the air. Fishlegs fell to the ground in a heap.

"SURPRISE!" Snotlout screamed. I glared at him while the twins high-fived. Just then the debris that had splintered off of the house, came crashing down and landed on Fishlegs. But I suddenly realized that it wasn't debris at all; but a tiny, baby Gronckle. It looked up at us and yawned so adorably.

"Awâ€|" The gang cooed, but I froze. 'Baby Gronckleâ€| explosionâ€| the eggsâ€|'

"The eggs _explode_?" I said to the group but more to myself. 'Oh Gods. Say it ain't so!' But it seems like the Gods were out to get me that Snoggletog because moments later another explosion sounded. Followed by another. Both inside someone else's home. "_THE EGGS EXPLODE!_"

Suddenly a mass of running, burning Vikings entered the square as more and more homes began to erupt. "Sorry!" I screamed to one man as he ran from his burning home. Another man ran by screaming and I apologized again. And again. And again. And again.

It was total chaos. We had deposited a single egg in each home; a single egg erupted in each home; a single egg destroyed each home. I winced with each explosion. It wasn't bad enough that the eggs were destroying the homes, but now they were slamming into barns and scaring the animals. 'Oh Loki, why?' Three baby Gronckles, freshly hatched and still ablaze, soared into our Snoggletog Tree and set it alight.

The twins awed at the damage being done, while Snotlout chuckled. "This is your best idea yet!" he shouted to me above the noise of Berk being demolished. I whimpered to myself. 'This was awful!'

It seemed like an eternity before the explosions stopped. Stoick ran around trying to calm and rally everyone together, but when he realized that we weren't under any sort of attack, he turned to us. Pissed.

"What in Thor's name is goin on!" he demanded. The gang all turned their heads to me, and suddenly all of Berk was watching me. Mad as Hel. I cupped a hand over my mouth and shook my head. It couldn't get any worse, could it.

"The eggs explode!" I told him quietly. I flinched as a stray baby Gronckle finally hatched in one last home. I looked up and smiled weakly. "It was supposed to be a new Snoggletog tradition."

I winced as the gathered crowd of Vikings began shouting God awful things at me. I caught a glimpse of my parents, their heads bent low and their hands across their foreheads. Yeah, I really messed up this time. Stoick raised his hand to silence the crowd, and after a few more ungrateful shouts the Vikings silenced themselves. Instead of yelling at me like I thought he would, he did something much worse. Instead, he pulled out his hammer and handed it to me.

"If by 'new Snoggletog tradition' you mean rebuilding Berk, then consider it a job well done." I slumped, partially because of the hammer and partially because of my own failure. Stoick then turned to the rest of the gang and handed each of them a hammer.

"What- wait a minute!" cried Snotlout. "It was here idea!"

"And you played a part in this. So you'll help clean up." He turned to the rest of the crowd and shouted, "We'll all help clean up," which earned a chorus of protest and more insults directed at me. I sighed heavily and turned away from my adoring new fans. Fishlegs had gathered the rest of the baby Gronckles and corralled them into a corner where they had started snacking on barrels of food. At least they seemed happy.

I set to work on the roof of a house that only needed a patch job. With a few jostles of my ladder by Vikings who "accidentally" ran into it, I finished the first house and set to work on another. As I climbed the ladder of the next home, I found my father working on the other side. He paused for a moment before sighing.

"Astrid. What were you thinkin?" I groaned heavily and started patching up a hole on the other side of him.

"Dad, I just wanted everyone to be happy," I told him, my words

coming out more like whines. My eyes stung, partly because of the lingering smoke and partly because of unshed tears from today's events.

"You mean, you wanted to be happy." I looked up at him and cocked my head to the side. I didn't quite follow his reasoning. How could I be happy if all I did was fail? He glanced at me before nailing another board into place. "You miss yar dragon. If you could do somethin to occupy yar time, then you wouldn't miss 'er so much."

After a moment I nodded. What he said was true. Painfully true. I had been using this idea as a way of forgetting Stormfly, and each time I failed it only hurt worse and worse. At least before I had Hiccup for comfort, but now he's gone too. I sniffed and rubbed my eyes, not caring if my father saw me or not.

"But it's the thought that counts." I glanced up at him with watery eyes and smiled half-heartedly. He smiled at me before he descended his ladder and left to fix up another home. It kind of felt like the old days just then. Everyone bustling about, making repairs on their homes because of a dragon attack. Back then, things were simple; now, they're just a mess. I glanced up into the sky and prayed to the Gods for a miracle. What I got, was pretty close to one.

I heard it before I could see it. This constant thunder, like a million wings beating at the same time, and it was gradually growing louder. I stared up into the night sky and off in the distance I could barely see a silhouette. Or a hundred silhouettes.

"The village is destroyed. The dragons have gone and left us. Lets face it! This holiday is a complete- what are these people looking at?" Stoick pushed his way through the crowd beneath me as we all stared up into the cold, winter sky and watched as a mysterious and severely deformed cloud made its way toward Berk. It looked like a flying ship, for Magni's sake! But as the cloud got closer, our hopes began to rise as we realized what the cloud actually was. "It's Hiccup!"

Scores of Vikings cheered as Hiccup came into view ridding a Monstrous Nightmare, a whole cavalry of dragons flying behind him. Latched in each of their claws was a line of rope that was connected to a ship that they were carrying.

"And our dragons!" I shouted in joy, subconsciously searching for a pretty blue head. Hiccup steered the dragons closer to the ground and just as the boat hit the cliffside, it slid to a stop. They let go of the ropes and lighted down into the snow. We all waited, wondering what it was that was inside the boat, until a tiny head popped out. A baby Nadder. Suddenly the ground was flooded with baby dragons, of all sorts. The cheering started up again as Hiccup slid down off of the Nightmare, Snotlout's dragon Hookfang, accompanied by the rest of the dragons.

I scrambled down the ladder and ran with the rest of the Vikings as they searched for their dragons. Snotlout embraced Hookfang and cheered, while Fishlegs ran for Meatlug and her babies. The twins ran up to their dragon, Barf and Belch, and slapped hands.

My heart was beating a mile a minute. Where was Stormfly? After another minute of searching, a familiar squawk caught my attention. I

wheeled around and saw her standing off to the side and looking at me. "Stormfly!" I rushed towards her and she charged me. I wrapped my arms tightly around her head. "You're back!" I cried, nearly on the verge of tears. Something bumped my foot and I looked down to find three little Nadder heads looking up at me. "And there are babies!" I wished I had more hands because everyone wanted to be pet, and if I wasn't petting them then they were busy licking me.

"EVERYONE!" We all turned just as Stoick set his son down from a bone crushing hug. "To the Great Hall! We finally have something to celebrate!" Vikings galore cheered for Hiccup and started rushing for the Hall. I turned and began to usher my dragon, or dragons, along with the others until I caught sight of Hiccup. He glanced at me before he spread open his arms.

"Gods Hiccup!" I shouted and ran to him. I practically jumped into his arms and wrapped mine tightly around his figure. He wheezed a little but chuckled when I eased up.

"Wow," he said once he had enough air in his lungs. "If this is how you greet me after I've left, then I should leave more often." I pulled back instantly and punched his shoulder. He hissed and rubbed the newly bruised spot.

"Cut it out! I didn't even know if you'd be back," I told him, my lip pouting slightly. He smiled and I rolled my eyes. "Where did you go? And how did you get the dragons back here?" I asked.

Hiccup knelt down just as Stormfly waddled over with her babies and picked up the one closest to him. "It was incredible, Astrid. The dragons have this island that they migrate to so that they can have their babies safely. And get this, dragon eggs explode when they hatch!" I rolled my eyes.

"You're a little late with that one, Hiccup." He looked at quizzically before he noticed the rest of the village.

"What in Thor-"

"Where's Toothless?" I asked, wanting to get out of the spotlight for a few minutes. As soon as the question left my mouth, I knew something was wrong. Hiccup had come back riding Hookfang, not Toothless, and I hadn't seen the black lump anywhere.

Hiccup frowned and set the Nadder he was holding back on the ground. "I don't know," he told me looking depressed. "He wasn't on the island with the other dragons." I bit my lip.

"Well maybe he was just um- on a different island?" I offered. I mentally smacked myself for being so idiotic and so illogical. Of course Toothless wasn't on another island. 'Way to be, Hofferson.' But Hiccup appreciated it regardless.

"Yeah, maybe." He looked up at me and gave a half smile before he offered his hand. I took it and the two of us, six if you include Stormfly and her babies, made our way to the Great Hall. Once we were inside we found the rest of our tribe celebrating like never before. People were dancing, drinking, laughing, singing, and Gods know what else they were doing. I caught sight of my father and mother, who were laughing along with a few other Vikings, until my mother spotted

me and started to wave me over. I let go of Hiccup's hand and walked over, followed closely by my dragon and her babies.

"Astrid!" My mother squealed, clearly intoxicated. I rolled my eyes as the rest of the Viking crowd greeted me, before my mother handed me a sloshing beverage. I looked down and realized what it was.

"Is this my Yak-nog?" I asked, somewhat surprised. My father stumbled forward before using his wife to keep himself balanced. I tried to ignore my father's open gestures as he started to fondle her, directly in front of me, before he stammered; "Astrid! Yar dragon got knocked up, but thass all right, cause we'll take care o' er, and all er bastard kiddies!" The Vikings hollered and I turned away, half smiling and partly disgusted by my parents lewd behavior. 'Eck!'

I walked around the Hall for a bit, looking for Hiccup, while Stormfly herded her children into a quieter corner. I watched as Vikings bonded with their dragons and a few new ones, while the children occupied themselves with the babies. I smiled. Everyone was happy; everyone was back with their dragonsâ€¦ everyone except one.

I finally found him standing by one of the poles by closest to the door. He was watching a few youngsters play with a baby Zippleback and he looked joyful, but I could tell that he was only acting.

"Hiccup." He turned when he heard me, and he tried to shake the look of underlining sadness from his eyes, but I knew him too well. "I know this must be really hard for you seeing everyone with their dragons." His faced dropped and his head drooped to stare at his boot and prosthetic. I reached forward and grabbed his hand, bending over so that I could meet his lowered eyes. "But you really did a wonderful thing." He smiled and I raised my hand to his chin, raising it so he had to look at me fully. "Thank-you."

I leaned forward and collided my lips with his. Hiccup sighed and I could feel him relax into the kiss. I pulled back and wrapped my arms around his neck to bring him into a tight hug. Though the kiss was brief, it said a lot. If Hiccup needed a girlfriend, I could be that; but if he needed a best friend, I could be that as well.

"Astrid, where did Toothless go?" I sighed.

"I don't knowâ€¦" My voice faded as I heard the Great Hall door creak. I looked up just as the door was opened and my breath caught in my throat when a oh-so-menacing black dragon wandered in. Toothless glanced around the Hall, looking for his rider, until he spotted us. I smiled like Loki as a wicked idea popped into my head.

I pulled back from Hiccup and held his shoulders at arm length. "Wow. Man, wouldn't want to be you right now," I said as seriously as I could muster. Hiccup frowned slightly and I brushed my bangs aside to hide my smile. "I mean, you brought back everyone's dragon except yours." Hiccup frowned fully and actually gave a low growl.

"Yeah, you know, this is notâ€¦ helping," he told me sarcastically. I bit my lip but I couldn't contain myself any longer. "At all- Egh!" I shoved Hiccup's chest and spun him around, so that when he regained

his balance, he was staring down the snout of the black beast. Hiccup's eyes brightened.

"Toothless!" The two ran at each other like their lives depended on it. "Hey bud!" The pulled up short when they stood face to face before Hiccup gave in and wrapped his arms tightly around his dragons neck. By now everyone in the Great Hall was watching the duo, a few even cheered. Suddenly, Hiccup pulled away and started scolding Toothless.

"Bad dragon! Very bad dragon," he told Toothless frowning, but his frown turned into a smile. He pointed his finger and started waving it in front of Toothless, who followed it without any concern that he was in trouble. "You scared me to death! Don't ever stay away that long again and- what is in your mouth?" We all watched as Toothless lifted himself up onto two legs, so that he was leaning over Hiccup, and then opened his mouth to engulf Hiccup's head in a slimy, dragon-saliva filled greeting.

I wretched as Snotlout, who had come to stand next to me holding a baby Nightmare, looked on in mild-disgusted humor "Have fun kissing that later," he snickered, before I elbowed him in the stomach. We all knew the brunt of a dragon's affections, but it seems that Toothless was taking it to a whole new level. The rest of the Vikings laughed and gagged, the only one not gagging being Tuffnut.

When Toothless finally pulled away, letting his tongue slide off of Hiccup's soggy head last, we finally found out what was in his mouth. Hiccup shook his head and wiped his eyes of as much slime as he possibly could. "Yeah, you shh- you found my helmet," he commented, his sarcasm dripping like the slime on his helmet. Then his eyes widened. "Hey! You found my helmet!" Toothless nudged his rider affectionately. "That's where you've been?" Toothless nodded and Hiccup smiled. "Buddy? Thank-you. You are amazing," and then he hugged him.

The Vikings started to holler, and I raised my voice to be heard above theirs. "Happy Snoggletog!" All the Vikings cheered.

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><p>Well, that's thatâ€¦ for now! Stay tuned to find out what Astrid's gift was, and what ACTUALLY _**happened**_** that Snoggletog Eve!**

End
file.